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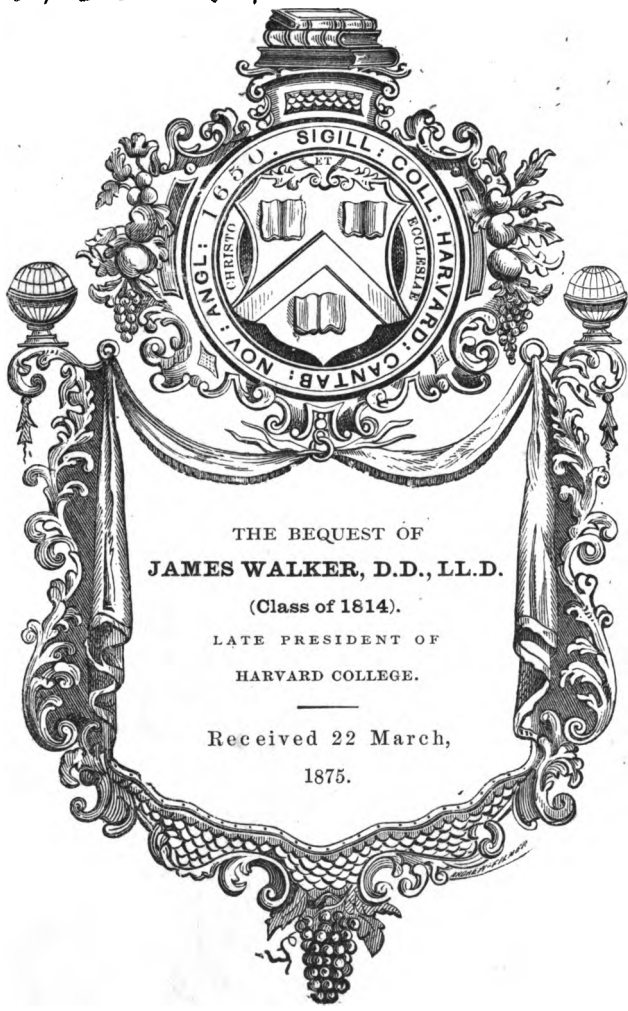
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S E R M O N

DELIVERED AT PLYMOUTH,

AT THE FUNERAL OF

REV. JAMES KENDALL, D. D.,

SENIOR MINISTER OF THE FIRST CHURCH,

IN PLYMOUTH,

SUNDAY AFTERNOON. MARCH 20, 1859.

Ware
BY GEORGE W. BRIGGS,

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NOTE.—The author desires to express his thanks to Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE, of Albany, for kindly permitting him to use the "Reminiscences of Dr. Kendall's Life," which are referred to in the following pages. He has thus been enabled greatly to enlarge and improve that part of the Discourse which attempts to give a sketch of the events of Dr. Kendall's life. The rest of the Sermon is printed as it was originally delivered, with slight alterations.

S E R M O N .

JOB V. 26.

THOU SHALT COME TO THY GRAVE IN A FULL AGE, AS A SHOCK OF CORN
COMETH IN IN HIS SEASON.

The Christian mind sees a prophetic meaning, a holy beauty, in the ministry of death, in whatever period of life it may come. When the innocent or the faithful are called away, the angel of death is always a messenger of light, as well as of gloom. It is so even when the youngest die. Parental affection is smitten with peculiar grief when the budding beauty of the infant's life is blasted, and the lovely form, whose every motion was a spell to enchant the heart, is laid low in an apparently untimely grave. The mother to-day, like the mother in Rama, weeps for her child, and almost refuses to be comforted, when it is thus early gone. It is right that she should weep. Yet, in calmer hours, she begins to see that the departure of these little ones not only illumines the dark valley, but becomes a peculiar revelation of the immortality beyond it. The soul which had scarcely begun to develop its powers in the gardens of human love, is

transplanted into the garden of God, to unfold amid a heavenly beauty. It fades not into death, but into a higher life. And, at length, when faith has bidden the waves of grief be still, even the mother's heart hears the words, "Suffer little children to come unto me," "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," as if chanted by angelic voices around that little tomb, until her tears cease to flow, and she feels herself drawn up towards the heavens by the yearnings of human affection, and the inspiration of immortal hopes.

Light mingles with the gloom, also, when those of maturer years depart. Death seems most mysterious when it breaks into the midst of life, to interrupt its noblest work; when it takes the mother upon whose breast the infant rests, or strikes down the manly strength on which many lean for support and guidance. Why, we ask in wonder,—why are not such spirits left to finish the sweet and holy work which seemed to have been given to them alone to do? But we feel, and are inwardly assured, that the tide of life which flowed with a current so full and deep until it disappeared from sight, must still be rolling on, like the river after it passes beyond our view. Reverently and joyfully, we say, "Those who thus live can never die." And therefore, when human hopes are most sadly wrecked, when all that is most charming in womanly grace and virtue, or most inspiring in manly power and genius, is suddenly taken from our sight, the deepest and most sacred persuasions of immortality

are borne in upon the heart. As the stars of heaven come within our view only in a part of their glorious course, and then pass on into deeps of space impenetrable to mortal eyes, so these true and lovely spirits, brighter than the stars, only touch this earthly sphere in a little portion of their appointed track of light, and then pass quickly on, to be God's angels still in realms of life which "eye hath not seen, nor heart conceived."

But when the aged go, when those depart whose earthly life has been lengthened out through many years of varying, yet blessed experience, until infirmity has bowed the once vigorous frame, and the crumbling body is no longer a fitting dwelling-place for the immortal spirit, then the light dispels every trace of gloom. Then we look upon a "finished life." The fruit has ripened in our sight. It is not mysterious, but natural, that the heavenly reaper should come to gather in the harvest. When the race has been fully run, indeed, why should we grieve to have the spirit go to receive its crown? It is no mystery, in one view, that the young and innocent should die,—that they should be taken up into the guardianship of angelic teachers before the stains of earth could soil, or its sorrows cloud their spirits. It is no mystery, in any view, that the old and the saintly should die; that, when the temptations of the world have been bravely met, and its work nobly done, the soul should cast off the burden of the failing flesh, and lay aside that

which cannot be immortal, and put on the garments of a new and celestial youth.

We gather here, to-day, to pay our tribute of affection and respect to a "finished life;" to one who goes to his grave in a full age, and with a ripened spirit. Though increasing years seemed but slowly to impair his strength, and threw few shadows over his mind, and none upon his heart,—though his affections flowed out as freshly and tenderly as ever in all the relationships of life and love, and a noonday brightness lingered even to his setting sun, still he has long been standing with his loins girt about, ready to cross the mysterious stream. He felt that his work was done; and with no reluctance to stay, and no impatience to go, he calmly waited for the expected summons. And now that he has gone, reverently and tenderly we bear the form which his spirit so long glorified to the altar at which he ministered for so many years, to let it rest here for a little space, while we contemplate his character, and give thanks for his memory; and then we carry it, with love and honor, to the place of its final repose. Most fitting is it that his form should rest here, on its passage to the tomb, in the place which he loved so well, on the day which he loved so well, to give another consecration, in all your hearts, to the place of your prayer and worship. And most fitting it surely is, that we should gather up some of the lessons of his life; not, simply, for his sake, in justice to his memory, but much more, for our own sake, in

order that we may appreciate the priceless worth of his example.

In a conversation with me in his last illness, he expressed the wish, that if it should be thought advisable to have a public funeral service for him, I would attempt to speak on that occasion,—adding these characteristic words: “I want nothing said of me which is not true; and I want nothing said of me which is true, unless it will do good to others.” Let me endeavor to fulfil this sacred commission in the spirit of that injunction. And yet I must speak from my impression of our venerated father’s character, and not from his own. I would not offend his humility, if he is a present witness to my words; but he must pardon me if, while pouring out my veneration and my love, I should, in any point, transcend the estimate made by his self-distrust. I shall do but poor justice to my feeling at the best. He “wist not how his face shone” to us.

My sketch of the events of his life must be brief. He was the youngest son of Major James Kendall, of Sterling, Mass., and was born in that town on the third of November, 1769. He had two brothers; one of whom was a physician, and the other a schoolmaster, who died in Danvers, Mass., at the age of 27. His mother’s original name was Elizabeth Mason. She was born in Lexington, Mass. In some reminiscences of his own life, written at the age of 84, he describes her as “a sensible and pious woman, of a strong

mind, and a kind and generous heart; discreet and faithful in the discharge of all the relative duties of life;" and adds, that "her children were greatly indebted to her for their youthful training, and their early religious impressions." He was nearly fitted to enter Harvard University at the age of 14, under the instruction of Rev. Reuben Holcomb, the minister of Sterling, who was a graduate of Yale College, and a good classical scholar. But his eyes failed in consequence of the closeness of his application to the study of Greek in the evening; and, for several years, he was obliged to give up the hope of obtaining a liberal education. From that time until the age of 21, he worked upon his father's farm in summer, and, when old enough, taught school in winter. During that period, in which he was unconsciously accumulating a capital of physical health to secure a life of such remarkable vigor, even to his ninetieth year, his eyes recovered their strength; and, returning gladly to his studies, under the direction of Mr. Holcomb, he was prepared to enter college in 1792. In his collegiate course he manifested the same persevering energy which had characterized his previous life. He defrayed the largest portion of his expenses by his own exertions. He taught school in the vacation; and during the term-time he rendered services in the college hall, by which he saved the expense of board. In his reminiscences, he says: "It is some satisfaction to me in looking back to this period of my life as an

undergraduate, to remember that I had no mark for delinquency in college exercises, unnecessary absences, or any misdemeanor." One of his surviving classmates, says of him: "He always showed evidence of industry and great fidelity in his recitations. He had the just reputation of using his talents well. He was most amiable in his temper, just, unobtrusive and kind in all his conduct; more anxious to do his duty than to gain applause. Hence he was, I think, universally respected and beloved." He took a very high rank in a class which comprises distinguished and honored names among the living and the dead, and had the second English oration assigned him,—the late Dr. Woods, of Andover, having the first,—at the Commencement in 1796. His subject was "The triumphs of Philosophy;" and the "Columbian Centinel" of that day, speaks of his performance in the following terms: "Mr. Kendall's oration was an elegant composition and well delivered." There is a peculiar interest in this early association of his name with that of Dr. Woods in connection with later incidents in their lives. Though they never felt themselves rivals at college in their aspirations for its honors, yet they were opponents in after years in their theological position. But they were friends, both in their earlier and later days. Though separated from each other while in the midst of active labors, yet when they had both partially relinquished their work, their hearts drew them together; and by interchange of visits and

of letters, they mutually and gladly recognized that life which makes men one notwithstanding diversity of creeds,—and which it is the only fitting office of all creeds alike to build. After all the experience and speculations of many years, they came together in their age with a closer friendship than that of youth. They were separated again, for a brief period, when Dr. Woods passed on to his immortal life; but they have once more come together now, in that higher school of God.

Immediately after leaving college Mr. Kendall was appointed assistant teacher in Phillips Academy, at Andover, of which Mr. Mark Newman was then the principal. Here he passed two years, at the same time diligently pursuing his theological studies, under the direction of Dr. Tappan, then Professor of Divinity in Harvard University, and Rev. Jonathan French, minister of the Second Church in Andover. He first connected himself with the Christian Church at Andover, and was approbated to preach by the Andover Association in 1798. In that year he was chosen Tutor of Greek in the college, and removed to Cambridge, where he still continued his theological studies, with the advice and aid of Dr. Tappan. He was the particular tutor of the then Junior Class, of which Buckminster and Washington Allston among the dead, and Chief Justice Shaw and Dr. Lowell among the living, were members. During his residence in Andover he had occasionally preached there, and

in the vicinity. While he lived in Cambridge he preached more frequently; and, for a short time, supplied the pulpit of the First Church in Boston, and the First Church in Quincy. He first preached in Plymouth on the second Sabbath in October, 1799. He was the first candidate after the death of Rev. Dr. Robbins;—and, having preached four Sundays, on the fourth of November, 1799, he was invited by a vote of twenty-three to fifteen on the part of the Church, and two hundred and fifty-three to fifteen on the part of the congregation, to become the minister of this ancient parish. His answer of acceptance was given on Thanksgiving Day of that year. He was ordained January 1, 1800. Rev. Jonathan French, of Andover, preached the sermon, Rev. John Howland, of Carver, gave the charge, and Rev. William Shaw, of Marshfield, the right hand of fellowship.* He was the sole pastor of the society for thirty-eight years. After the settlement of a colleague, in 1838, he preached frequently for a number of years, in his own pulpit, in the pulpits of those with whom he was accustomed most frequently to exchange, and in comparatively distant places, during several journeys into various parts of the country. He preached his semi-centennial sermon January 3, 1850. Only one male member of the parish, at the time of his settlement, still lives to tell how the old and the young gathered to greet

* See Note. I.

him on his ordination day. During the nine years since his jubilee, many have passed away to join the great company of those who had previously gone. One of his ministerial brethren who took part in the services of that day, and gave an additional attraction to the occasion by a loving contribution of his poetic genius, while pressing on towards the holy city of Judea, was suddenly called to the holier Jerusalem above.* But there is a host of witnesses to tell how the old and the young gathered round him then, as he preached, although in his eighty-first year, with the vigor of far earlier days; and as he stood in the social throng, amidst a crowd of friends, to receive, in glad surprise, the many tokens of their unabated love. Since that time he has occasionally preached, both at home and abroad. He never took a formal leave of the pulpit, and never wished to bid it farewell. He preached for the last time on Thanksgiving Day, November, 1857. One of his last public services,—a service never to be forgotten by those who were present,—was at the ordination of his associate minister, on the fifth of January last, only a little more than two months ago. He stood in this pulpit again to offer a fervent prayer at the close of the first services, of your new pastor, on Sunday, January 9, and yet once more to take the same part at the close of service, Sunday, January 17; and then his public ministry was ended.†

* See Note II.

† See Note III.

After this, his strength slowly, yet gradually failed. On Wednesday, the ninth of March, he was seized with severe illness. He lingered through eight days of oppressive weakness, with occasional attacks of peculiar suffering, yet with a serenity and cheerfulness of which we shall hereafter speak, and then, on the morning of Thursday, March 17, he fell quietly asleep, at the age of 89 years, 4 months and 14 days, after a ministry of more than fifty-nine years. He was connected with this parish nearly twenty years longer than any of his predecessors. His ministry, together with that of Dr. Robbins, who was ordained January 30, 1760, covered almost a century.*

I leave this general outline of his life. Let me now attempt to give some sketch of his character, both as a man and a public teacher. And when I bring his life before my mind, my first thought is of his remarkable cheerfulness and equanimity. The first impression which he made in his age, certainly, and I am sure that it must have been so in his earlier years, before I had the opportunity and privilege of knowing him, was that of a man whose life was benignity and love. He carried with him, in his look and bearing, as well as in his words, an atmosphere of serenity, which seemed to be, and was, his daily breath. And this serenity had a twofold cause. He had a sunny temperament. Nature had endowed him with a peculiar

* See Notes IV. and V.

measure of gentle and kindly affections. He seemed to be literally incapable of harshness. He keenly felt a wrong; yet, if the flame of resentment ever kindled for a moment in his breast, it went quickly out, because there was nothing in his spirit to feed its fires. The foundations of his being were laid in love. And in addition to this beautiful nature, he had a genial and loving faith. The idea of the Father was a profound and bright reality to his mind and heart, and in a childlike confidence, he rejoiced as in the unfailing consciousness of that Almighty and All-loving Presence. The world was illuminated to his eyes with a celestial light. He seemed to see the heavenly guidance as distinctly as it was seen of old in the pillar of cloud and flame. How naturally and spontaneously, in his familiar conversation as well as in his prayer, the expressions of Hebrew and of Apostolic faith dropped from his lips! He stood in the same attitude of habitual reverence and trust; and the sweet words of the Psalmist, in his hours of confidence and praise, or the triumphant exclamations of Apostles as they looked through every present cloud to the Eternal Throne, became his own vernacular speech.

It was a beautiful combination, and I had almost said, as rare as it was beautiful,—this mingling of a most genial nature with a profound and loving piety. It was the sunshine of natural temperament, brightened, glorified, by the sunshine of a diviner love.

And how beautiful was the flow of kindly feeling which welled up from the living fountains in his breast! He carried the sunshine with him everywhere. How perpetually it beamed upon all within his home, there are hearts which can feel, but there are no words which can fitly tell. It rendered his daily greetings constant benedictions. It pervaded his manners, and made him the model of a Christian gentleman. It inclined him to see the brighter side of every scene; and each occasion of social gladness, each gathering of friends into which he entered, gave to him its fullest measure of joy. The same kindness of feeling entered into all his actions. It made him confiding, unsuspicious, almost to a fault. He was slow to believe in any wrong in another's heart, and a designing man, base enough to have attempted it, might have sometimes deceived his guileless spirit. He was lenient even when he would condemn, and always tempered his censures with words of kindness. He shrank instinctively from controversy, even when in the midst of provocations; and thus, while he made no enemies, his meek and genial disposition at last disarmed those who had looked upon him with suspicion. Beautiful testimonies have come up to him in the course of years, to show how his Christian bearing vindicated the *man*, even if it gave no confirmation to his opinions, and caused opposers to take him to their hearts, however separated from him in faith. I think, indeed, that this peculiar and habitual

gentleness obscured, for a time, the real strength of his character. He had his own fixed opinions upon questions of religious faith, upon questions of politics, and of reform ; but he held them so benignantly, and when he expressed them with greatest strength, he declared them in words so considerate of others' feelings, that you would scarcely suspect their rocky firmness. The beauty of his character came out so clearly, even at the first glance, and beamed upon you so constantly, day by day, that it was only by closer study, and fuller knowledge, that you learned to recognize the strength which was mingled with the beauty in the inner sanctuary of his life.

Pardon me if I make one personal reference, in the attempt to give the picture of his generous and loving spirit. I cannot repress it even if I would. For fifteen years I was connected with him as the associate minister to this church and congregation. It is a delicate relationship. In consequence of our human frailty, it too often happens that some jar of feeling disturbs its harmony. It is a true test of the temper of him who resigns a portion of his work to younger hands, and admits another into those sanctuaries of home and love where he has previously stood alone. It is a far truer test for *him*, than for one who comes to take up that relinquished work. But I look back through all those years, to find my memory thronged with precious and beautiful remembrances of unvarying kindness. I can recall no word or look ; I do

not believe that he could recall a thought, which was not worthy of a father's love towards an unduly valued child. I relied upon his loving interest as upon the daily sunlight. In that relation, at least, he seemed incapable of a selfish or jealous thought. He turned the hearts of his people towards me, and never held them back. He felt my successes and my failures as he felt his own; nay, with even greater keenness. It was an unmingled joy to be an associate with one so constant and parental in his love. Let me bring my personal testimony to his character in the relation in which I knew him so long and so well. I could never fully express my feeling to him while he lived. I cannot express it now. But his departure, which seals his lips, unlocks my own, and I can attempt to speak, at least, by the side of his bier. And if, in any single point, or any single hour, during our intimate and official association, I unconsciously gave him one thought of pain, by word or deed, if I ever grieved his love except when it seemed right to me to go to another field of work, let me here and now, crave forgiveness of his ascended spirit.

It would be a delight to sketch other points of his character; to use the pencil with tireless and loving hand, until each feature should be brought out distinctly, and the portrait be made complete. He happily combined some apparently opposite qualities. I have already spoken of the mingling of firmness in his own opinions with benignity towards those who

differed from him. So, too, he united prudence with generosity. He was careful of the fragments. He gathered them up with a steadfast and conscientious economy, until they became a feast. But he was ready to dispense the feast itself with a never stinted hand. He was the embodiment of hospitality. He felt for the needy, the suffering, the enslaved. He was public spirited according to his ability. No careful thrift checked his ever ready sympathy. Indeed, he seemed to use with care, that he might fill his hands with means to bestow. Once more; he combined the most careful forecast with freedom from anxiety, and a remarkable simplicity with a penetration that often read the character with a silent and sagacious judgment.

It would be pleasant, also, to dwell upon the triumph of his serene and trusting spirit under some of the severest tests. Though in many respects, few have had a happier life, he met with varied trials. He was deeply tried by the religious divisions which occurred in the earliest years of his ministry. But in what Christian patience he stood in those perplexing days, fathers have told their children with grateful lips. He was keenly tried in his own home, when he witnessed the long years of sickness and pain which one bound to him by the closest ties was called to endure, until the grave gave its rest; when bereavement again and again desolated his dwelling, and he laid wife, and children, and children's children in the

sepulchre. But he came from weary watchings by the couch of suffering, and from the side of the grave, with the same words of trust upon his lips and in his heart. His trust was victory. He had peculiar trials; such as would have overmastered many spirits, and clouded their days with gloom. Yet his trust was still triumphant. He committed all things to the Infinite Guidance; and when he had toiled and prayed, he rested there. When he walked through the valley of affliction, and the valley of the shadow of death, he leaned as confidently as when he walked amid green pastures, and beside the still waters, upon the same rod and staff.

But let me turn from his character as a man, to his character as a minister. His public teachings were moulded by his ruling traits. He was disinclined, both by natural temperament and the constitution of his mind, to abstruse speculations. He believed far more in the theology of the heart, than in that of the intellect. He was not sent into the world to climb the lofty heights of thought, in the aspiration for new and original views of truth, but to dwell in the noonday brightness of this universal Christian light. And therefore, he chiefly delighted to speak of God's providential care, and universal love; of the mission of Christ and of Christianity, as the support of the tried and fainting heart under every form of human grief, as well as the redemption of the sinning race. He remembered the application of the Gospel

to special sins ; to intemperance, to slavery, and war. In a discourse delivered by the request of the authorities of the town, a few weeks after his settlement, on the twenty-second of February immediately succeeding the death of Washington—a discourse published by request—he emphatically noticed the testimony of the “Father of his country” against the institution of slavery, in the provision which he made for the emancipation and comfort of his slaves. Though, for many reasons, he could not take an active part with the prominent assailants of the system of slavery at the present day, yet the cause of personal liberty was always dear to his heart ; and in a late conversation, when I asked him if he thought of any particular thing which he wished me to notice, he referred to this sermon, to assure both myself and others that his interest in this subject was of no recent date, and that he was true, to the last, to his early faith. His discourse upon temperance, from the text, “Do thyself no harm,” was among the earlier appeals in behalf of that noble cause. In prayer and sermon, he always bore the cause of peace upon his heart. But while he did not forget these, and other special themes, the great majority of his discourses related to those general truths which touched his own heart most deeply, and which seemed to him most adapted to quicken and confirm Christian faith in other souls. Perhaps the circumstances of his early ministry contributed to give this character to his preaching. Soon after his ordi-

nation, a portion of the parish withdrew to form another religious society, on account of difference of doctrine. But the character of his mind, as well as the gentleness of his disposition, so strongly predisposed him to think so much more of the broad, common truths in which all disciples agree, than of the speculations in which they differ, that he was led still the more to study, and to speak the things which would make for peace. He was not willing to incur the risk of fomenting divisions by controversies. He wished to bind all together in the bonds of Christian unity and love. There was a serious and reverential, as well as affectionate and persuasive tone in all his pulpit efforts; and even when they did not arouse or convince the intellect, they touched the heart to feelings of confidence and respect. He had a truly reverent faith. He was emphatically a Christian believer. He leaned upon the Master's breast, as a lowly disciple. Let him hear the Master's words, and it was enough. And when he expressed that deep and heartfelt faith—when he spoke of his humble dependence upon the Son of God, the Messenger of forgiving mercy, the Revealer of life and immortality, the Regenerator and Saviour of the world, you felt that he knew in whom he believed; and longed to win that same faith of which he spoke in such words of simplicity and love. I did not know him, either as a preacher or a man, until he had almost reached three-score years and ten. But I can well imagine that in

the days of his best vigor, with his attractive and benignant presence, his clear and silvery voice—clear and silvery even to his latest days—his graceful style, his rare felicity in scriptural allusions, his calm and rational thought, he must have been a most welcome visitant in the pulpits in which he was accustomed to preach. His prayers, too, were often very remarkable both for aptness of sentiment, and beauty of language. Few who have ever heard him on such occasions, can forget his prayer of consecration at an ordination service, or the outpourings of his devotion at a Pilgrim anniversary. Many of the sentences which he had made most familiar by frequent use, will long remain as models of expression in the memory of his friends and people. And the same traits which he exhibited in the pulpit were even more clearly seen in pastoral service. There he was the loving friend, and the son of consolation. There men came nearer to his heart, and the nearer they came, the more clearly did they see the beauty of his character,—the more deeply feel the power of his faith and trust. He went around as a comforter, and a peace-maker, to cheer the broken-hearted,—to persuade men by his look and presence, as well as by his words, to love and harmony. How he has walked in and out among this people, smiling upon the young and upon the old, a living witness to the power of Christian truth as well as its public teacher, till almost all those who were here to greet him fifty-nine years ago,—those then in active

life,—have passed on beyond our sight, and new generations have come up around him in love and reverence.

But I must hasten to other points. Some may say that I have alluded to no faults in my sketch of his character. His faults, if we choose to call them such, were but his limitations. I can think of many things which he was not. There are noble traits which he did not exhibit. He did not take the place of a leader of human thought, as a great champion of truth and right; and of course, he did not exhibit the characteristics which mark those who are raised up for such a conspicuous work. God made him to be the pure, trusting, benignant, Christian man, and to wield the influence which belongs by divine right to such a character. He was true to his peculiar genius. He fulfilled his God-given work. Limitations he certainly had; peculiarities, possibly foibles, you might sometimes discover; but *positive faults* I have never seen. Whatever qualities you might have wished to add to his character, I know of none which you would have wished to take away. I have put no shades into the picture because I have wished to do him justice; and I trust that I have done him justice also, in not ascribing to him traits which he did not possess. Let the picture stand, if possible, the exact presentment of what he was; for it will win all our hearts by its harmonious and Christian beauty.

In the Charge, given at his Ordination, are these

almost prophetic words: "We charge you to take heed to yourself, to your behavior and conduct; that you be blameless, vigilant, sober, of good behavior; given to hospitality; apt to teach; not given to wine; no brawler; not greedy of filthy lucre; not covetous. But in all things show thyself a pattern of good works, in word, in conversation, in faith, in charity. Give attendance to reading, meditation and prayer.

* * * We charge you to take heed to your doctrine, that it be found uncorrupt, free from error, grave, sincere; not teaching for doctrine the commandments of men, but the truth as it is in Jesus.

* * * Let no man despise thee." Never was a charge more faithfully fulfilled. What was presented fifty-nine years ago as an outline of his work and life, I unhesitatingly quote to day, before a multitude of witnesses, as an accurate description of his character. And shall I speak of the influence of such a ministry and life as his? I cannot tell how great it was in his early days, but I can testify to its depth and power in later years. After he had relinquished the burden of pulpit services he was accustomed to say, "Others must increase, but I must decrease." Yet he could not decrease. The influence of a good man never decreases, but always accumulates with a mathematical progression. The memory of his example becomes ever richer, and its power more extensive, as years roll away. Our venerated friend could not decrease. Age crowned him and made his whitened locks a diadem.

Though he did not dream of his power, yet, in the approach of bodily decay he was exercising a ministry more sacred and sanctifying in the gathered memories and influences of his life, than when strength nerved every limb, and persuasion sat upon his tongue. As I have seen him here, sitting by my side, with his benignant face turned towards his beloved people, his very presence has seemed to me a benediction. His silent form had a golden influence which no silvery speech could wield. When he stood here, so lately, to lay his aged and trembling hands upon the head of his youthful colleague, kneeling reverently at his side, and to consecrate him, by words of prayer as sincere and loving as mortal lips may utter, to the work of ministering to the people whom he held so close to his heart, I do not wonder that the quick tears gushed from all your eyes. He had not decreased, when the simple laying on of his patriarchal hands, and the outpourings of his prayer, stirred every soul to its utmost depths. Happy is he who has had such a benediction upon his head! Happy is he who has thus been consecrated forever in the eyes and the hearts of his people! Our departed friend did not decrease. When he first came to this parish he was the minister of the whole town, with the exception of one portion of its territory, separated from the rest by encircling hills. Divisions and subdivisions have occurred in the lapse of time; and now there are many parishes where then there was only one.

But do I presume too much upon the feeling towards him when I say, that many years before his death, he had again begun to exercise a ministry to all the town in the universal respect and love? And not to the town alone. How fondly his name has been cherished by those who have gone out over all the land from these, their early homes! How eagerly they have hastened to greet him on their every return! What a multitude of such there are who would gratefully throw a flower upon his bier to-day! The empire of Christian influence has no bounds. It reigns wherever it is known. Those who walk humbly and lovingly before God shall be set upon thrones. "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age, until their age shall become brighter than their noonday."

The long and faithful life is ended. In many respects, its last days seemed among its brightest and its best. Welcomed here and everywhere more tenderly than ever, all at home and abroad seemed spontaneously to unite to hold up his hands till the going down of the sun. His last great wish was gratified, when he saw his pulpit filled by one to whom he gave his utmost confidence, his undivided heart; and he did not cease, in every succeeding day, to strive to express his thanks for an event which brought to him an inexpressible joy. Children and friends gathered about him, only one of his children being absent during his last days of sickness. Those whom he most loved came to greet him, and receive his bless-

ing; and one who had stood by a beloved son, stood by the father also at the last, and remained to close his eyes. He was called to endure great exhaustion and weariness, with occasional hours of severe suffering, which it was a deep trial to witness. In the beautiful language of his own prayer for the sick, he had "wearisome days and nights assigned him." But he went serenely down into the dark valley. The light which he had so long kept trimmed and burning, illuminated it for him. Never could a man have been more natural, more unconstrained in his feelings, more entirely and more beautifully himself. That was the most absolute proof of his soul's entire repose. His natural playfulness did not forsake him. His memory brightened, and he recalled with apparently new distinctness, the peculiar characteristics of each individual whose name was brought to his mind. He expressed his feelings in the holy words which he loved so well. Now he repeated the lines:

" Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life;
Hark! they whisper, angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
O the pain, the bliss of dying."

And now he listened to the hymns of praise and devotion which were occasionally sung in his chamber. At one time he would say, "Infinite and compassionate Father," in brief words of prayer; at another,

"The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places;" at another still, "Blot out my transgressions;" and yet again, "He that liveth and believeth in me, shall never die," "*never*, NEVER die." Once, on waking, he said, "Where am I? In this world, or the world to come?" It was not strange that he asked that question. For in his feeling he stood at times upon the "Delectable Mountains," and caught bright glimpses of the "Celestial City;" and as its foresplendors fell around him, he might indeed have imagined himself already there. And they who stood around him caught glimpses of it too.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite *in the verge* of heaven."

At last, near the closing hour, he said again and yet again, "O God, help me in the inner man of the heart, through Jesus Christ our Lord, forever and ever, Amen." These were the last words which reached any mortal ear, and borne on the wings of that prayer, we do not doubt, his spirit soared to God who gave it.

And now that he has entered the "Celestial City," shall we wish that he still were here? We sadly miss his benignant presence. The community is bereaved of its crown, of one who seemed to stand as the living representative of the ancient fathers, mingling the spirit of the loving and beloved Apostle, with their purity of soul. "We sorrow," in the words which he

made his own, "we sorrow, most of all, because we shall see his face, and hear his voice, no more, in this present world." But neither friend, nor even child, can wish to call him back. His work was done. He belonged above. Children, companions, friends, a loving and glorious company, have already greeted him upon the other shore. A multitude, gone before, surround him there. He is theirs; not ours. Yet he is not theirs alone. He is still ours, as we scatter flowers upon his grave, and give unceasing thanks for his memory, and stand gazing upward where he vanished from our sight, till the veil is parted, and we see him again face to face.

APPENDIX.

NOTE I.

The following is a list of the Churches represented, and of the Ministers and Delegates present at Dr. Kendall's Ordination, January 1, 1800, and an account of the proceedings of the Council.

Second Church in Andover—Rev. Jonathan French, Pastor; Dea. Daniel Poor, Timothy Ballard, Jonathan French, Jr., Delegates. Brattle Street Church, Boston—Rev. Peter Thacher, D. D., Pastor; Deas. Balch and Hall, Delegates. First Church in Kingston—Rev. Zephaniah Willis, Pastor; Dea. Eben. Washburn, Seth Drew, Martin Parris, Delegates. First Church in Carver—Rev. John Howland, Pastor; Dea. Thomas Savery, Isaac Lucas, Nehemiah Cobb, Delegates. First Church in Marshfield—Rev. Wm. Shaw, Pastor; Briggs Thomas, Delegate. First Church in Rochester—Rev. Lemuel Lebaron, Pastor; Dea. Thomas Tobey, Gideon Barstow, Delegates. First Church in Middleborough—Rev. Joseph Barker, Pastor; Dea. Ichabod Morton, Dea. Abner Bourn, Joshua Eddy, Delegates. Church in Bridgewater—Rev. Zedekiah Sanger. Church in Harvard University—Rev. David Tappan, D. D.; Caleb Gannett, Levi Hedge, Delegates. Second Church in Plymouth—Dea. Branch Blackmer, Dea. Abner Bartlett, Delegates. Rev. Mr. Howland was chosen Moderator, and Rev. Mr. Lebaron Scribe. A remonstrance against the Ordination of Mr. Kendall was presented to the Council by three brethren of the Church, who said that they represented fifteen dissenting male members. The Council gave the remonstrance its full weight, but being entirely satisfied with the qualifications of the candidate, and with the proceedings of the Church and precinct, they were fully of the opinion that it was their duty to comply with the request of the Church, and proceed to the ordination. The services were in the following order:—Introductory Prayer, Rev. David Tappan, D. D. Sermon, Rev. Jonathan French,

from Matt. xvi. 18, "UPON THIS ROCK I WILL BUILD MY CHURCH; AND THE GATES OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT." Ordaining Prayer, Rev. Peter Thacher, D. D. Charge, Rev. John Howland. Right Hand, Rev. William Shaw. Concluding Prayer, Rev. Zedekiah Sanger.

Dr. Tappan, who had been requested to prepare himself to preach the Sermon, on account of the feeble health of Mr. French, remained in town over the following Sabbath, and preached all day from Psalm xlviii. 2, "BEAUTIFUL FOR SITUATION, THE JOY OF THE WHOLE EARTH, IS MOUNT ZION, THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING."

NOTE II.

Rev. William Parsons Lunt, D. D., of Quincy, who died at Akaba, in Arabia Petræa, while on his way to Jerusalem, March 21, 1857. The following hymn, which has a new interest, now that the author and the venerable minister to whom it refers, have both passed away, to "join hands" above, was written by Dr. Lunt, to be sung at Dr. Kendall's jubilee.

"Come to these yellow sands,"
 Sweet voices seem to say;
 In other days we here joined hands,
 We'll join them here to-day.

Come to these green-wood bowers,
 These waters still and clear;
 The fragrance of life's morn is ours,
 Its form reflected here.

Come to these homes awhile,
 These hearth-stones tread once more:
 Familiar faces on us smile,
 With greetings as of yore.

Come to this holy hill,
 This school of Christian truth;
 The white-haired teacher meets us still,
 The shepherd of our youth.

He stands—like sacred oak,
 By living waters fed;
 And children's children rise t' invoke
 A blessing on his head.

Through fifty years that tree
 Has planted here its root;
 Its branches drop continually
 In green old age their fruit.

His closing years be blest!
 And when life's work is done,
 Kind angels take him to his rest,
 The rest that he has won.

NOTE III.

The last record but one made by Dr. Kendall in the church book, referred to the settlement of Mr. Hall, and is in the following words: "A connection formed under such favorable and auspicious circumstances, and with such harmony and unanimity of feeling and expression, inspires the hope of, and promises, a result most favorable to the Christian growth and prosperity of this church and parish. Our desires and prayers are that this hope, and this result, may be realized." His last prayers in public, and his constant prayers in private, were for the welfare of his beloved people and of their minister.

NOTE IV.

A few facts in respect to the incidents of Dr. Kendall's life, which could not be fitly introduced into the discourse, are recounted in the following statement.

He was twice married, and twice bereft of his wife. His first wife was Sarah Poor, daughter of Dea. Daniel Poor, of Andover, to whom he was married in June, 1800. She was the mother of six children, one of whom died at birth, another at the age of thirteen days, and another at that of three years. The remaining three are still living. She died February 13, 1809, in the 33d year of her age. His second wife was Sally Kendall, daughter of Dea. Paul Kendall, of Templeton. She was married June 17, 1810, and died February 5, 1845, at the age of 65, after severe suffering during almost thirty years, from repeated attacks of neuralgia. She was also the mother of six children, all of whom are living, excepting one, who died at Madison, Wisconsin, March 9, 1853, in the thirty-fifth year

of his age. She was a very intelligent person, with great strength and loveliness of character. In his reminiscences, Dr. Kendall most truly and gratefully says: "I have been singularly favored in my domestic relationships. Although not exempt from the trials and changes to which every man of my age, and at the head of a large family, is destined in an earthly life, I cannot be sufficiently thankful to the Father of an Infinite Mercy, for the comfort, satisfaction and consolation, I have enjoyed during the whole period of my connection with a family." His first wife he describes as "a person of an amiable disposition, faithful and affectionate as a wife, and tender and devoted as a mother." Of his last wife he says: "She was a person of great discretion, sound judgment, and of a pure and pious mind. Like her Divine Master, she 'was made perfect through suffering.'"

NOTE V.

Succession of Pastors in the First Church in Plymouth, and duration of their ministries. From 1620 to 1629, the church had no settled minister, but the duties of a pastor were discharged by Elder Wm. Brewster. In 1629, Mr. Ralph Smith was ordained as the first minister. He resigned in 1634 or 1635. During the ministry of Mr. Smith, Roger Williams preached in Plymouth for about two years. In 1636, Mr. John Rayner was ordained as the second pastor, and remained until 1654, when he resigned after a ministry of eighteen years. In 1637, Rev. Charles Chauncy became an assistant to Mr. Rayner for the space of three years. From 1654 to 1667 there was no ordained pastor. Mr. John Cotton Jr., son of Rev. John Cotton, of Boston, was the third minister. He began to preach in Plymouth in 1667, and was settled June 30, 1669. His whole term of service was thirty years. The fourth minister was Mr. Ephraim Little. He was ordained October 4, 1699, and remained until his death, Nov. 23, 1723, after a ministry of a little more than twenty-four years. July 29, 1724, the fifth minister, Mr. Nathaniel Leonard was ordained. In consequence of bodily infirmities, he asked a dismission in 1757, after a ministry of thirty-three years. After having heard many candidates, Rev. Chandler Robbins was ordained as the sixth minister, Jan. 30, 1760. His ministry was longer than any that had preceded it. He died June 30, 1799, at the age of 61, having been connected with the church thirty-nine

years and five months. Rev. James Kendall, the seventh minister, was settled Jan. 1, 1800, and died March 7, 1859, thus closing a ministry of fifty-nine years, two months and seventeen days. During his ministry, Rev. George W. Briggs was his assistant for fifteen years, from Jan. 3, 1838, to Dec. 26, 1852; Rev. Henry L. Myrick one year, from Sept. 21, 1853, to Sept. 21, 1854, and Rev. George S. Ball, two years, from April 8, 1855, to April 8, 1857. Rev. Edward H. Hall was ordained as associate minister Jan. 5th of the present year, and is now the eighth minister of the church in regular succession.

The following is a list of Dr. Kendall's publications, as far as they can now be ascertained, with the dates of their delivery.

- 1800.—February 22. Discourse upon the character of Washington, delivered at the request of the town of Plymouth.
- September 21. Sermon on the death of Mrs. Jane Robbins.
- December 14. Sermon on the death of Col. George Watson.
- 1803.—September 4. Sermon on the death of Rev. David Tappan, D. D.
- 1805.—January 2. Sermon at the ordination of Rev. Caleb Holmes, at Dennis.
- 1806.—June 2. Sermon before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.
- 1811.—November 7. Sermon before the Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians, and others in North America.
- 1813.—June 8. Sermon before the Humane Society.
- 1815.—November 8. Sermon at the ordination of Rev. Oliver Haywood, at Barnstable.
- 1828.—Sermon in the Liberal Preacher, for March, on man's accountability to his Creator, and a future retribution.
- 1830.—February 17. Sermon at the ordination of Rev. Hersey B. Goodwin, at Concord, Mass.
- November 10. Sermon at the ordination of his son, Rev. James A. Kendall, at Medfield, Mass.
- 1833.—December 4. Charge at the ordination of Rev. Chandler Robbins, as minister of the Second Church, Boston.
- 1836.—February 14. Sermon on the wreck of the brig Regulator.
- 1850.—January 1. Semi-Centennial Sermon.

The 3d and 40th among the Morning Prayers, and the 27th and 44th of the Evening Prayers, in the "Altar at Home," were written by Dr. Kendall.

He gave the Dupleian Lecture, upon Natural Religion, May 12, 1819, and received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from Harvard University in 1825.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

Before the removal of the body to the church, there was a brief, but most appropriate service at the parsonage, conducted by Rev. Dr. Hall, of Providence, R. I. The exercises in the church were in the following order :

Reading of the 23d Psalm.
Hymn.—"My God, I thank thee! may no thought"—
Selections from Scripture, by Rev. E. H. Hall.
Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hall.
Hymn.—"How blest the righteous when he dies!"
Sermon, by Rev. G. W. Briggs.
Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Briggs.
Hymn.—"Come to the land of peace—"
Benediction.

The church was not draped in mourning, but a cross of evergreen was hung in front of the pulpit, and a cross of flowers, of the purest white, was laid upon the coffin, as the most appropriate emblems. It was a beautiful feature of the occasion, that all the other churches were closed, as a token of the universal respect. After the services in the church, the body was borne to the cemetery, followed by a large number of parishioners and friends.

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